

The Washington Times

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (INCLUDING SUNDAYS) BY THE
WASHINGTON TIMES COMPANY,
THE MONSIEUR BUILDING, PENNSYLVANIA AVE.

Frank A. Murray, President. E. H. Thibault, Secretary.
Fred A. Walker, Treasurer and General Manager.

ONE YEAR (INC. SUNDAY) \$2.00 (SIX MONTHS, \$1.25) (THREE MONTHS, 75c)
Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912.

WASHINGTON IN THE ABBEY.

It will be another triumph for the peace movement—Tennyson's brotherhood of man and federation of the world—when the British erect a monument to George Washington in Westminster Abbey or Westminster Hall. Any site in London will serve the purpose well, but Westminster Abbey, the famous British Valhalla, would be the best place of all. A memorial honoring the career of the American who was always first in the American roll of honor would be a fitting climax for the celebration to be held in 1914 to mark the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of peace between the United States and Great Britain.

With the approval of the British government, as assured by Sir Edwin Grey, the present secretary of foreign affairs, the handsome proposal is practically certain of being realized.

NINE YEARS OF FLYING.

Nine years ago this week the Wrights made history at Kitty Hawk, on the North Carolina coast, by demonstrating that man could fly. The epoch-making event was quietly celebrated on Wednesday at Dayton, Ohio, a city famous for the invention of the cash register as well as for the aeroplane. It was a lumbering machine that the Wrights took with them to this out-of-the-way spot in the South, where some day a fitting monument will probably arise to mark man's final conquest of the elements. Orville Wright, speaking of the conquest, told at Dayton this week how there were four flights in all on this red-letter September day, beginning with one of 12 seconds' duration and ending with one that lasted 59 seconds and carried one of the brothers half a mile through the air—which one he would not say. It has been semi-officially stated that the very first flight was made by Wilbur.

Today the duration record is 14 hours 7 minutes and a flight of 776.86 miles without a stop. Garros has flown upward over 19,000 feet, nearly four miles above the clouds; and this week he has made a new over-sea record by flying 180 miles across the Mediterranean. The American continent has been crossed from New York to Pasadena, and several flights have been made from Paris to London and return.

MR. MORGAN, AMERICAN.

History closed one chapter and opened another in our American story when John Pierpont Morgan appeared before the House Committee to talk about money this week. There was a quality of drama in the episode; it was free from climax, but none the less vivid for that freedom. Somehow it was a thing that could have happened only in America, and Mr. Morgan emerges from it as even a larger figure than he was before.

By the tally of the years he is an old man; by the proof he has just given he is still the master of his thoughts, and his thoughts encompass many things. He has lived a large and a mighty life; he has seen from the inside the making of great history; he has grown as his country has grown, and the spread of his name and his power have kept pace with the march of ours.

He was born in the days of considerable men; he reached his manhood when the industrial revolution that was to change the face of the world came of age. He and Carlyle were, in a way, contemporaries, and in him as he is to day Carlyle would have seen one of his strong, endurable men.

Emerson and Poe and Whitman were all climbing to fame in those days when Morgan was serving his apprenticeship to power, and since he became a banker in his own right this Nation has increased by more than sixty million souls.

He has done some almost supreme things for art. His gifts to charity have been of the splendid kind. He has built racing yachts and endowed polite learning. There have been times when his word was a rule of law to three continents. The terms of wealth in which he thinks are beyond the grasp of common minds. And—when he had finished his evidence in Washington this week he shook hands with the committee, and the immediate clerks and a fraternal democratic usher.

There were less than four hundred thousand people in New York city when Mr. Morgan was born. The railroad cars to finish their journey were hauled up to Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue by horses. Today under his eyes, and in no small part under his hands, New York stands shoulder high with the greatest city in the world.

He entered into life when this Republic was a simple place; he is of it now when it is an Empire with overseas possessions and alien people to guard and the men of the Old World looking to it still as a land of promise. When he was a boy the Monroe doctrine was a piece of colossal impudence; to day it is the greatest political combination in restraint of Kings that ever democracy devised.

His schemes have been ambitious beyond the dreams of wealth, too big at times to please a people resentful of entrenched authority. But our schemes have been big, too, in the terms of nation making and, as a Democracy, we have achieved where no Emperor, flanked by armies, would have thought of conquering.

So, and in such wise, it is that Morgan emerges from this ordeal of public inquisition, a forthright and masterful man, the captain of inconceivable fortunes, who throws back his head to laugh at his own sallies, and shakes hands at parting like any other American with the immediate clerks and a fraternal democratic usher.

In the Mail Bag

A Plea For Pensions and For the Passage of the Townsend Bill.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

I see by THE TIMES and other local papers that the spirit of the press is still in favor of the plan to pension the officials of long service in Uncle Sam's workshop. When the employees of any government become superannuated by long years of confinement at office work, and know no other trade, it is only a matter of simple justice for the government they have served to provide for them when, by the infirmities of old age, made more acute by long confinement at the desk, they are forced to retire from active work. Other countries provide for their superannuated servants. Big and little corporations do likewise. Why not the United States follow the example of smaller concerns? But while we are planning for a civil service pension list in which rank is a factor, Congress should not forget the volunteer officers of the civil war, and enact into law at an early date Senate bill 305, introduced by Senator Townsend of Michigan. The provisions in the Townsend bill is all we ask.

any change or amendment to the bill

scope to include the volunteer officers of all wars, past and future, by a fixed retiring age.

WILL H. S. BANKS,
Captain Co. C. Ninth Mich. Cavalry.

Light—More Light at the End of Night—The Present Plan De-

clared Not Right.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

Do you know why the City of Washington must sit, or grope, in darkness for fully half an hour each morning during these bleak December weeks, before "fountain day" succeeds the winking electric light? This fair city is well lighted, as cities fare nowadays, and the light is well paid for, we are assured. But what is the light for, if not here when most needed? What sort of a contract has the city made with the Utilities Company that it fails to furnish complete service? Why the volunteer officers of the civil war, and enact into law at an early date Senate bill 305, introduced by Senator Townsend of Michigan. The provisions in the Townsend bill is all we ask.

JAMES HUGH KEELEY.

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

A BIT OF A BOASTFUL BALLADE.

Here are some facts, I beg you, learn:

In me there is no spark divine;

I use doggone it and got darn;

I worship at no classic shrine.

I'd swipe a washing off the line;

I've lost my pride, my self-respect;

There's only one thing I decline:

I NEVER WRITE IN DIALECT.

The weighty things of life I spurn—

A nondescript existence, mine;

I'm brutish, grouch, taciturn;

Occasionally, when I dine,

I order up a glass of wine.

But though I run amuck, unchecked,

Wretch that I am, I still opine,

I NEVER WRITE IN DIALECT.

If, then, with blissful unconcern,

I crack a joke that isn't mine,

Or all around a sentence turn;

If my meter be not so fine;

If my remarks seem asinine;

REBEL at it—I'll not object.

Remember, though, when I resign,

I NEVER WRITE IN DIALECT.

L'ENVOI.

So label me a skate, a shine—

And ten to one you'll be correct;

But here is where I draw the line:

I NEVER WRITE IN DIALECT.

IN ADDITION TO WHICH.

Though but an evanescent youth,

A fresh and callow young stripling,

This that I write's the solemn truth:

I never have parodied Kipling.

On the general principle of pushing a

worky cause along, we herewith call

your wavering attention to the work of

the St. Nicholas Girl, which see.

Everybody should do something. Give

up that theater party, for example, and

donate the price of it.

CHEER UP.

By Our Own Clarence L. Cullen.

Whenever we hear of a Gink

who's afraid to butt in, we

know somebody is slated for the

Ash Pole!

Get in the Swim! If you get

soaked, soak 'em back!

The Galsim who says "Never

run for a Car; there'll be An-

other in a Minute!" is probably

still waiting for the Next One.

Nobody ever Got There by

Letting Well Enough Alone!

A Grudge is Excess Baggage!

Our bright, particular objection to the

turning of one's collar by the laundries

is that it necessitates a complete re-

versal of the method of buttoning the

collar. And unless one be an adept at

the gentle art of turning one's self in-

side out—why, it can't be done, that's

all.

WHY THEATRICAL MANAGERS

DON'T GO TO HEAVEN.

All star cast.

Company of 100.

One year in New York.

Curtain at 8:15 sharp.

Extra added attraction.

Direct from New York and Chicago.

"Yes, these seats are exactly in the

center."

Attaches of the house are not per-

mitted to accept fees.

Did you know that J. Makover & Co.

are tailors on Fourteenth street north

west?

Black Hand note (with apologies to

Marshall P. Wilder): Our fountain pen

requires filling again.

Another of those arbitrary signs—this

time on Thirteenth, street—"TAKOMA

PARK PROPERTY."

Declares an advertisement: "Women

will hull with delight a gift of hand-

some china, and will exclaim 'Just

what I wanted!'" They will, undoubt-

edly. And ditto for a present of lace

curtains, a pet rhinoceros or the Mis-

sissippi river. "Just what I wanted"

covers a multitude of gifts.

Which leads up to a merry crack-

le picture a china salesman extolling the

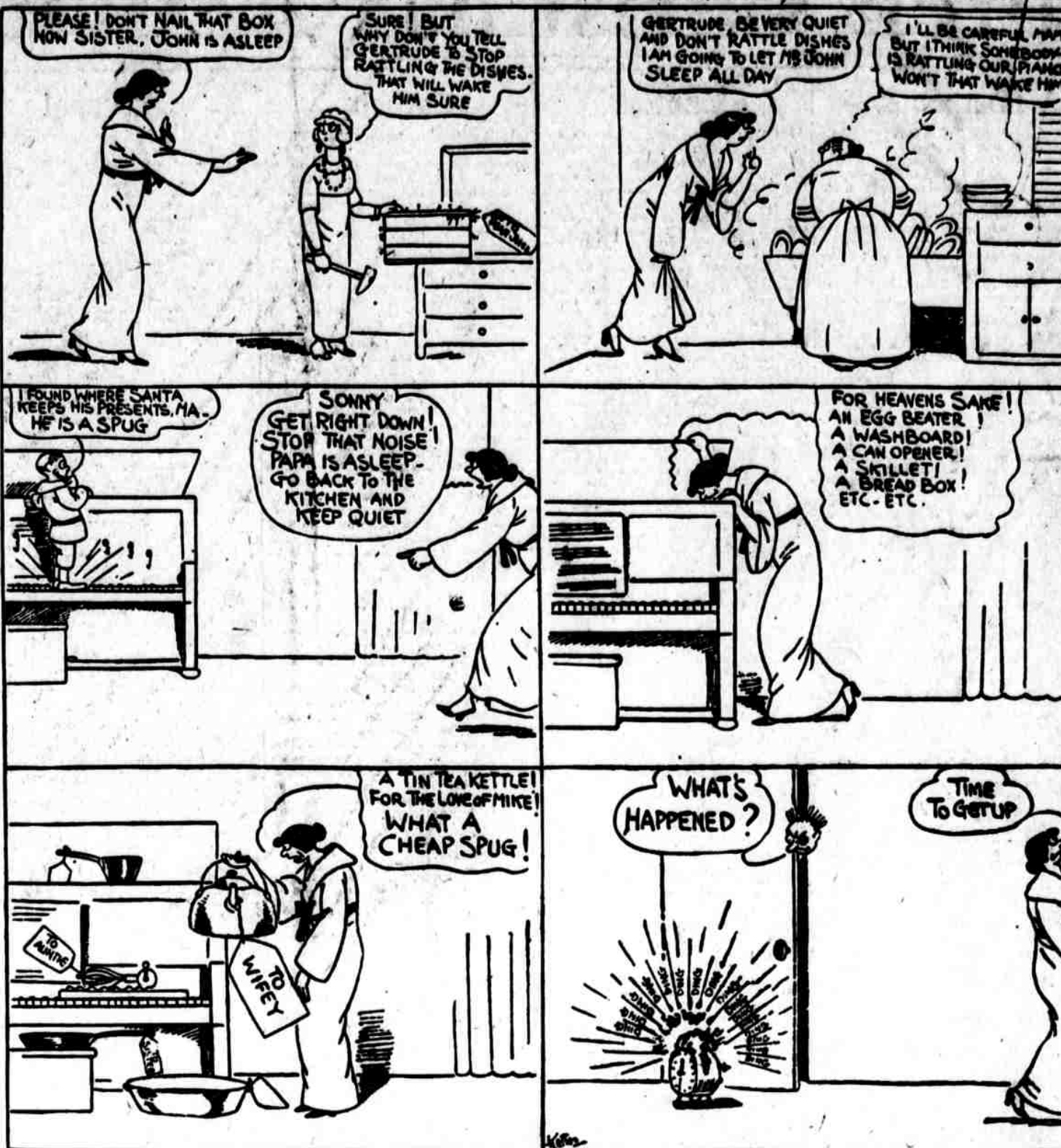
merits of his goods, with no great re-

gard for the facts. Do you see?

Bull in a china shop.

G. B. K.

THE DAY OF REST! By MAURICE KETTEN



Memories of Players of Other Days

By Robert Grau.

THOMAS W. KEENE'S career was modeled closely on the lines maintained by Forrest and McCullough. Keene's real name was Thomas R. Eagleton. Though starting in a supernumerary at Niblo's Garden in 1856, he became one of the six great tragedians of the last half of the nineteenth century. He was also the very last of the Forrest school, leaving no successor.

As a lad I was wont to go to Wood's Museum (where Daly's Theater now stands) at least once a week. Here Keene played for several years in that remarkable stock company which included Louis Aldrich, Henry Lee, Oliver Byron, and Dominick Murray.

Two performances were given daily—and very often a different play was presented not only every night, but at the matinees as well. How rehearsals were accomplished may only be conjectured. And yet it was in this organization that Keene gained his greatest experience.

In the five years he played at Wood's, Keene assumed over one hundred different roles each season! Fancy what a range, what versatility! Fancy a player appearing as Jack Cade one night and as Pantomime the next, or supporting Lydia Thompson in "Forty Thieves," and "Blue in 'Falcon.'" For many years and the next playing Macbeth, Othello, and Richard III.

Yet this merely indicates the wide range of Keene's work for fifty-two weeks in the year. In such an environment a dozen of the stars of the stage of that day had their careers molded slowly but surely into shape.

Lydia Thompson advised Keene to go to London; also aiding the actor with her influence. In 1871-2 Keene played in various melodramas in the English provinces, with moderate success.

His supporting company was the late Sir Henry Irving, who afterward became the leader of the English stage. Keene's real career began in 1875 when he followed John McCullough in the management of the California Theater.

For many years as an actor-manager he proved himself a worthy successor of the man whose career provided him with incentive and of whom Keene once said:

"If they only will say of me, 'He is nearly as good as McCullough,' I shall feel I have not labored in vain."

But Keene was destined to stand alone. The last twenty years of his active life are replete with achievement. His first genuine "hit" was in 1878 in Boston as Couperus in "L'Arsacome," but he never really modified his conception of the role and to this ultimatum is perhaps due the fact that he did not become henceforth a one-part actor.

As it happened this remarkable portrayal of the set attracted vast attention for many years. W. W. Cole was one of the millionaire circus factors of this period, and he saw in Keene the coming tragedian. Cole's idea, however, was that Keene should submit himself to be managed in true circus style. Said Cole:

"If you do not make more money than any of the other tragedians in any one

year, that year I will release you."

Keene agreed and contracts were signed. William R. Hayden, a relative of Cole, was the ostensible manager. Theatrical people were horrified to see lithographs, scores of different kinds and in every color of the rainbow, being placed in the hands of the public.

Starting in 1880 Keene had fifteen years of prosperity. He became a rich man. He died in 1895.

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